

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World **AWEEKLY**

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Sunday, August 28, 1932



Pets by Henry Clive
Verses by
Carolyn Wells

No. 2—A Lucky Dog

I like my Dachshund best of all.
His heart's as big as his legs are small;
He's at my heels both day and night,
And everything I do is RIGHT.
"A lucky dog," my friends agree—
But what I say is "Lucky ME."

Malta's Old Temples Unearthed

ARCHEOLOGISTS, renewing their study of ancient temples dug from the soil of Malta several years ago and busy uncovering new evidence of ancient life on the Mediterranean island, still are mystified about their interesting findings.

They are reasonably sure that their spades and pickaxes have brought to light long forgotten places of worship which were used as far back as 50,000 years ago and as recently as 6,000 years ago. What races, or tribes, did the worshipping and what gods they bowed down to are matters of conjecture.

This much is known, however: The island now known as Malta, which is about midway between Sicily and Africa, was inhabited long before the dawn of history and the people who lived there were religiously inclined.

The oldest of the island's temples seem to be those at Hal-Safien. In one of the photographs on this page the members of a party of American tourists are shown looking through one of the many chambers of rough-hewn rock which make up this prehistoric shrine. The condition of the rock and the soil which covered it indicates that human beings occupied these cavern-like chambers 500 centuries ago.

What curious rites were staged here no one can say, but the construction of some of the underground cubicles of stone probably were lived in by oracles who uttered what passed for wisdom through narrow niches cut in the rock.

As architects, the builders of this temple were nothing remarkable, judged by present-day standards, but they knew the basic principles of construction and used rough blocks and columns of rock to excellent advantage, for their temples are still in a good state of preservation, even if they are crude and devoid of any artistic decoration.

One of the Main Altars of the Mnajdra Temple, at the Western End of the Island of Malta. It Was Built About 4000 B. C.



Discovered in 1914, These Remains of the Neolithic Temple of Hal-Tarxien at Last Have Been Laid Entirely Bare. Note the Stone Decorations, and the Huge Bulk of the Blocks.

More modern, comparatively, but not so well preserved are other ruins near the town of Hal-Tarxien. These remains seem to be all that is left of a temple in which people paid tribute to pagan gods near the close of the so-called Stone Age.

By this time the people who lived on the island now known as Malta had developed a native art, for several of the stones are ornamented with a spiral design. This design is repeated in many of the compartments of the ancient edifice and, apparently, had some meaning in connection with the deities and the rites in which these gods were worshipped.

In many ways the archeologists found the ruins at Hal-Tarxien more interesting than the much older discoveries at Hal-Safien, chiefly because the ruins of this temple seem to have been used at least a thousand years after they were built, as a sort of cemetery by the people of another period.

Whether the residents of Malta used the temple as a burial ground because they regarded the place as holy or whether they laid the remains of their dead there because it was made to order for the purpose is not known. It is known, however, that these people cremated their departed and laid them to rest surrounded by implements crudely fashioned out of copper.

Another of the photographs shows a section of the most up-to-date of the Maltese temples—the one near the town of Mnajdra. This building—if the scientists read the signs aright—was built about 4000 B. C. The builders, whoever they were, exhibited little of the skill shown by the Egyptians of the same period, but they did have sufficient knowledge of construction to form

doors of stone blocks and to mortise the blocks so that they fitted into one another and could not easily be raised. They also worked on some of the stone with hammers to give the surface a spotted appearance.

The Hypogeum of Hal-Safien, Which Attracts Thousands of Tourists. The Cubicle, the Archeologists Reckon, Is More Than 50,000 Years Old.

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PHOTO BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

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Mean Things They Said About the Beauty Queen

ON the day that Ethel Wilson, the pretty 17-year-old daughter of a poor plasterer and herself a factory girl, was crowned queen at a beauty contest held in the town of Southend, England, she was about the happiest young woman in the country. A month later she was so miserable that she was ready to quit her beloved home town forever. She shut herself up from all but her closest friends. The smile faded from her face and the lustre went out of her eyes.

Who started the stories that spread from one end of the town to the other and made the little factory worker more unhappy than she ever imagined she could be is a mystery that remains to be solved. It is believed that the malicious gossip which moved the committee of judges to declare her title as beauty queen void and which kept her weeping behind locked doors originated with one or two disgruntled contestants who resented the honors bestowed on a working girl.

Kinkajou Has Candy Diet

PETE, the pet kinkajou of a California animal farm, has radically changed his eating habits since he was brought there from the Central American wilds. In his home territory Pete, who comes from a family which does most of its feeding at night, lived on fruit, mice, young birds and birds' eggs. But since he has been a resident of the United States he has developed, because of the kindness of his

into their hands when Ethel, exhausted and excited by more than a week of parties given in her honor, collapsed on the floor of a music hall and had to be taken home in an ambulance. Their tongues wagged and rumors flew about Southend that the low-town queen of beauty was about to become a mother.

Nothing that her family could say seemed to have much effect on this vicious fiction. At first, Ethel tried to brave out the situation by appearing in public as much as possible. But she couldn't ignore the behavior of her fellow townsmen, including many people who had been her friends. They crossed the street when they saw her coming, or hurriedly engaged in conversation with someone else to avoid speaking to the girl. The dejected beauty queen finally broke under the strain of the nerve-racking situation. She ate little, she slept fitfully, and finally she was put to bed with a severe case

of bronchial pneumonia. She was in bed eight weeks. When she got up and about her loyal friends came to her house and told her that people were saying

that she had been spirited away to a nursing home and that she was the mother of not one baby, but twins. The scandalmongers, it seems, were going so far as to inform people how much each of the youngsters weighed.

This was too much for the factory girl and her family. They made up their minds to fight Dame Rumor with the one weapon that always ticks her—the truth. They called in the town's most beloved physician and on the minister of their parish. They banded the members of the committee which had staged the beauty contest sit in on the conference with these estimable gentlemen.

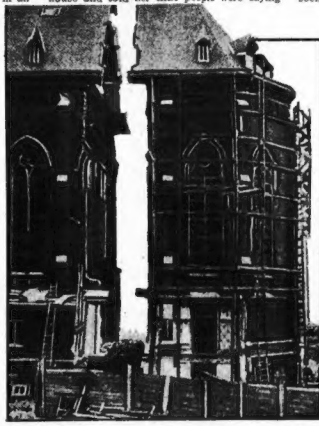
The physician examined the girl. The parson talked with her, and the doctor and the clergyman talked very plainly to the beauty contest chairman. That very day these three men issued a public bulletin which read in part:

"Certain rumors circulated and repeated by ill-disposed persons inimical to the character of Southend's current queen of beauty have reached our ears. We have investigated these rumors and found them to be wholly unjustified and without foundation in truth. We ask the co-operation of all fair-minded people in bringing to our notice any person who shall in future repeat this cruel slander when the young woman in question will take the opportunity of vindicating her character in open court."

This was a stop to the rumors. Miss Wilson was reinstated as beauty queen. But she no longer wants the honor. "It is pleasant to be popular," she said, "but I have had to pay too high a price for my few days of popularity."



Miss Ethel Wilson, the Carnival Queen of Southend, England, Who Became the Target of Envious and Disappointed Contestants for the Honor Bestowed on Her—an Experience Familiar to Many Other Winners in Beauty Contests.



The Chapel of a Convent at Jupille, Belgium, Which Engineers Saved in Half From Roof to Ground, So as to Lengthen the Building. The Hazardous Job Was Done Without Even a Minor Mishap.

Mouse Frightens Deadly Snakes

WHEN a store owner in Quincy, Illinois, put a mouse in a window-display cage of 12 snakes, including a couple of big rattlers, he expected the mice to make short work of the little fellow. But this, it seems, was a sort of David mouse, not at all afraid of the deadly-eyed Goliath.

That struck at the mouse was turned back with a nip on the head that drew blood. Another rattler advanced to the kill, but was repulsed in the same way. Half a dozen other snakes, moving toward what looked to them like a meal, crawled back in a corner and left the mouse in possession of the field. As a reward for his courage and fighting efficiency, the mouse was lifted from the cage, fed and set free.

Saved The Church In Half

LIEGE, BELGIUM. BELGIAN engineers recently undertook one of the most interesting building operations ever attempted in Europe—the enlarging of the Chapel of St. Augustine, in the town of Jupille, without sacrificing a bit of the old structure.

What they actually did, as the photograph above and at the left shows, was to saw the chapel in half, move the end of the building about 10 yards and make the edifice whole again by erecting a new 10-yard section of wall and adding an equal width of roof.

The first step in the operation was to lay a new foundation for the section of the chapel to be moved. When this foundation was in, workmen started at the top of the roof and "sawed" the chapel in two, from top to bottom. This was a delicate job, because the engineers had promised that none of the decorative architectural details of the middle of the place of worship would be damaged.

The "sawing" had to be done within a strip less than six inches wide. Of course, actual cross-cut saws were not used in the work; specially made cold chisels were employed to cut the tile of the roof and the stone of the walls.

When the end of the building was neatly cut loose from the rest of the church, the second and most hazardous phase of the work was begun—the lifting of the end and the sliding of this part of the structure to its new foundation.

Stones at the bottom of the walls were taken out and hydraulic jacks were put in the openings thus made. A dozen of these jacks were distributed evenly under the end of the chapel. Slowly the screws of the jacks were turned until the part to be moved was about an inch off the ground. Tests were made to find out if the free section was perfectly balanced on the jacks. It was, and the heavy section of walls, roof, beams and windows was raised sufficiently to put rollers beneath it.

Stout ropes were fastened to the end of the church and turned about a powerful windlass. This windlass was revolved very slowly and the sawed-off section was pulled to its new base at a speed of about two feet an hour. The rest of the job was easy. Expert stone masons, roofers and wood workers then built the new 10-yard width of wall and roof and matched the new construction with the old to preserve the original appearance of the beautiful old chapel.



Pete the Kinkajou, the Pet of a Los Angeles Animal Farm, Who Has Taken to a Diet of Sweetmeats Supplied Him by Admiring Visitors.

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New Pious (But Scientific) Mr. Putman Kept Tabs On His Wife



"Whispering Wires" All Over the House, She Says, Which Recorded for Him Every Step She Took and Every Word She Said, But After All It Was His Raucous Cornet Which Was the

Whom findeth a wife findeth a good thing—
Proverbs xxi:12.
As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.—Proverbs xi:22.

VOLUMES have been written on how to take care of a wife. Mr. Byron Putman, of Wheaton, Illinois, has just written a new chapter on the subject and the courts are now deciding whether it is good or not.

Pretty Mrs. Adelaide Putman, 38 years old, says "NO, it isn't good!" But she also says she not only endured "whispering wires" all over her house which told her husband every word she uttered in his absence to friends or even the parrot, but others that recorded every time she entered or left the front door, when she got out of bed at night, when she stepped back again and to the second how long she was out from under the bedclothes.

She says that she let him rebuke her with Biblical texts, give her electric shocks as often as she tried to open the bedroom window, and even had to stand the agony of his playing a cornet around the house. But when Mr. Putman dragged Mrs. Putman away from the piano because she was interrupting his sacred solos with the profane one of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," that was too much. An Arkansas wife of the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, the wife of his boom boom her six-foot husband on the head with the heel of her slipper. It did not kill him, only his love, and wife were brought for assault and divorce, and Mr. Putman are not speaking to each other, though they are living in the same house. While he does the marketing she does the cooking and says that for all his faults she loves him still.

Mr. Putman, being the president of the Federated Bible Classes of Wheaton, is naturally an expert on the "Good Book," who can quote most any of its precepts, giving chapter and verse. It seemed no more than right to devout Mr. Putman to follow the Biblical advice and get himself one of these "good things," but he took his time about the adventure when each body better than he knew that the Old Testament is also full of cautions that some wives are not such "good things." He was somewhat perturbed by other precepts than those quoted above, for example:

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.—Proverbs xii:10. A foolish woman is clamorous; she is simple, and knoweth nothing.—Proverbs xii:13. And I find my utter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands.—Ecclesiastes vii:26. And the woman shall be a curse among her people.—Numbers, vi:27.

Mr. Putman knew that whatever is in the Bible must be true. Evidently he must watch his step, but how? In the glimmer of courtship, when each puts the best foot forward, how was man to find out a woman's true character. But after he had her under the same roof that ought to be easy enough.

He must take a chance and hope for the best, because many of the exemplary figures of the Old Testament had done their best and pressed wrong. Even Job "had a fool for a wife."

Therefore Mr. Putman, with some inward misgivings, took the plunge, but to his dismay, after he had been married for months, he could not decide at times whether his wife was

Last Straw That Broke the Camel's Back—and Nearly His Head, the Husband Complains

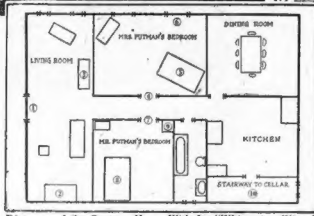


Diagram of the Putman Home With Its "Whispering Wires."

- (1) Front Door Registered the Hour and Minute It Was Opened or Shut.
- (2) Fireplace Containing Microphone.
- (3) Radio Wire to Record Every Word Mrs. Putman Uttered.
- (4) Mrs. Putman's Bedroom Door Which Registered Every Time It Was Opened.
- (5) Floor Boards Near Mrs. Putman's Bed Recorded Every Time She Got in or Out of it.
- (6) Mrs. Putman's Bedroom Window Which Was Wired to Shock Her When She Opened It and Also to Flash a Light in Mr. Putman's Bedroom Across the Hall.
- (7) Mr. Putman's Bedroom Door, Which Was Not Wired.
- (8) Mr. Putman's Bed on Which He Could Lie and Watch the Lights in the Room.
- (9) Closet Closet Which Recorded Every Move Made by His Wife Across the Hall.
- (10) Stairway to Cellar Where Wires Relayed Her Conversations to Neighbor Friends of Mr. Putman Who He Wasn't Around to Listen, or So Mr. Putman Says.

When Mrs. Putman Arrived Home Late One Night and Tiptoeed to Bed, She Opened Her Boudoir Window and Received an Electric Shock. She Was Even More Shocked to Discover That, Whenever She Opened That Window, a Red Electric Light Bulb Glowed in Mr. Putman's Bedroom Closet, So That He Could Look at the Clock and See Just What Time She Went to Bed.

ored lights there which went on and off whenever she was out or in bed. That was only the beginning. Wires ran everywhere, she says. A pair from the boards beside her bed recorded on a time device in the attic every time she stepped in or out of bed, and others did the same for the front door. The fireplace concealed a microphone and a dictograph was in the radio loud speaker. Both were wired to the garage. Instead of driving away, as she had supposed, her husband would seem to have gotten into the car and with radio head phones on his ears read his Bible, prepared to catch any remarks made in the house. Down in the cellar coal bin she located another "listening post," hooked up with still another dictograph.

Mr. Putman also had learned the correct. Clamor, as the newspaper-writers say, a Sunday morning when Mrs. Putman not yet having arisen and Mr. Putman having done so, he took up his cornet. However, in no better way ran this dictograph episode he told than in Mr. Putman's own words in his formal complaint against his wife. Here goes:

"That Mrs. Putman was in bed, but that about 3 o'clock a. m., your orator was fully dressed, with the exception of his tie, and had about thirty minutes of time before time to leave for the men's Bible class of which he is a member, and he decided to use this time in practicing one of his cornet solos, giving particular attention to some fingering exercises."

"That Mrs. Putman then and had gone to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, and that shortly after she came to the front room, where your orator was, and began to rebuke him and make insulting remarks about your orator's playing. That she thereupon started to pound on the base notes of the cornet, and that this caused great discord, and that she added to this with her shrill voice."

"That this continued for more than fifteen minutes, when she stopped and walked over to your orator and spit in your orator's face and began to talk to your orator about his dumbing about his cornet."

"That she thereupon put the instrument away and that he started to his room to get his tie, hat and coat, and that she stepped in front of him and up her dress from the rear, and insulted him. That your orator put out his hand and caught her, not pinching her to do any injury, but more in the nature of a slap. That the defendant thereupon started to claw your orator's face; whereupon your orator grabbed her arm; that she over-balanced him and he dropped to the floor with his ears ringing and his head spinning in sitting position; that your orator then got up and started again to his room, and that she followed him and clawed and pounded your orator's face and that your orator pushed her into one of his over-stuffed chairs nearby."

"That she pulled out one of her shoes, holding the forepart of it up to her feet and struck your orator on the head with it. That your orator took her shoe away from her and she again started to leave, when she took off her shoe and struck the same on the toe-end and raised upon her foot, with an over-head swing, hit your orator on the left side of the head, making an abrasion on your orator's head, from which the blood flowed freely in two streams down to his chin."

Staggering out, the husband called a policeman, who took his better half before Magistrate Frank B. Herrick of Wheaton, on a charge of assault. Through her attorneys, Laurence B. Jacobs and Herbert A. Grotfeldt, then brought a suit for divorce, charging cruelty. The wife is contesting this through her attorneys, Laurence B. Jacobs and Herbert A. Grotfeldt.

Asked if all these electric wire-regulators really were used, Mr. Putman replied:

"They are grossly exaggerated. Mrs. Putman knows her more about electricity than a hog does about Sunday."

Mrs. Adelaide Putman, Victim of the "Whispering Wires."



The Putman Home at Wheaton, Illinois, Which Was So Ingeniously Wired by Mr. Putman, His Wife Alleges.



Mr. and Mrs. Putman on Their Wedding Day, Before He Had Begun to Keep Tabs on His Bride.



Mr. and Mrs. Putman on Their Wedding Day, Before He Had Begun to Keep Tabs on His Bride.

That did not make it entirely clear and one day, after a sharp little disagreement, Mr. Putman slammed the door and went out. All alone in the house, Mrs. Putman relieved her feeling by expressing some of her private thoughts about her spouse to the pet parrot, who scratched his dusty head and said nothing. No great harm in that, but a few days later her hair rose when Mr. Putman quoted her remarks word for word. Mrs. Putman felt almost like taking a lead pencil and giving the bird a black eye, but the man who had sold is assured her that Polly was not guilty. He might possibly have repeated a couple of

phrases such as "stingy killjoy," but not a long and involved monologue. It must have been a lucky guess, the amused bird fancier suggested.

Mrs. Putman knew better. She stopped talking with the parrot and almost had doubts of the cat. Still her husband continued to reveal uncanny inside knowledge, just times when she knew positively that he was out of town. Mr. Putman somehow could tell whenever she went in and out of the house, to the exact minute of the day or night. The mystified woman pressed the hope that Mr. Putman was detecting in her own feminine method.

One afternoon Mrs. Putman returned from Chicago and, making sure that neither her husband nor anyone else was in the house, informed the parrot that she had just bought a lovely blue dress, a hat to match, some lingerie and "what not all." Also she expressed the hope that Mr. Putman would not be present in the morning when they arrived because he would not approve.

"Why did you not tell me that you had bought this hat, gown, etc.?" "How do you know that? I have bought any such things?" she asked.

"Nothing escapes me," he answered. "I'll bet you \$100 that there is nothing in that package but a pair of blankets and a comforter," she dared him. Mr. Putman seemed tempted for a moment, but just in time he remembered that betting is sinful and opened the parcel without any wagger. It was lucky for him that he did. However, it comforted Mrs. Putman to know that angels, spirits, parrot or whoever it was was tattling on her could be kidded. She resumed her monologues with bird and cat, but only gave out such information as was good for her husband to know. Of course, those remarkable allegations are all Mrs. Putman's.

Then came a shock. Literally. Returning one night a little late, Adelaide managed to tip-toe upstairs and reach her bedroom door unharmed by the ancient method of "stepping on the husband's snore." Inside, she undressed in the dark and was all ready for bed except for opening the window. She always opened the same one because the other had been stuck for a long time. As her fingers touched the sash she felt a powerful current ran through her that she uttered a shriek and almost jumped out of her nightgown. Before she could wife could recover the door opened and Mr. Putman confronted her, watch in hand.

"A foolish woman is clamorous," she says he observed; "she is simple and knoweth nothing."

But Mrs. Putman was not entirely simple. Next morning, as soon as the engineer went to business, she called an electrician and quickly learned a lot. The window had been wired to a battery and spark coil in such a way that the husband could turn the current on and off by a switch in his own bedroom closet. Also, there were col-

Marine Code Lends Novelty to Beach Costume

JUST when it seemed that all the possible ideas for ornamenting bathing suits had been exhausted, Miss Sybilla, an English actress playing at His Majesty's Theatre, London, appeared on the sands of a smart British watering place in the neat and novel outfit she is shown wearing in the photograph below.

The idea of lending interest and color to her swimming outfit by embellishing it with flags of the marine code came to the actress when she was

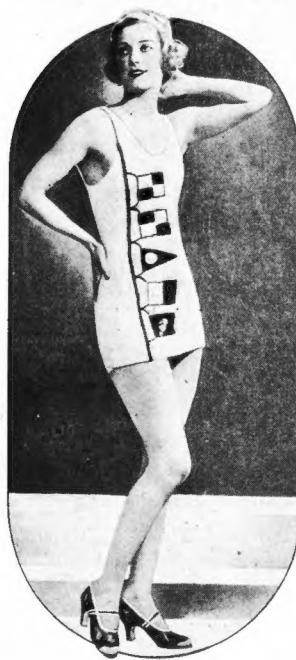
thumbing through a magazine and saw a photograph of a yacht moored at one of the many sailing regattas held every year in British waters. The vessel was "all dressed up" with a string of signal flags stretching from her bowsprit to her stern.

On her next visit to the dressmaker who designs and makes most of her stage and street costumes, Miss Sybilla ordered a white suit bathing suit embellished with a string of signal flags running from armpit to hip. And the first time she wore the suit she created a minor sensation.

Photographers followed the actress along the boardwalk and hovered about her on the beach. They wanted pictures of the first new idea in bathing suits they had seen all season. Debutantes and dowagers, struck by the "salty" flavor of the outfit and its bright but simple color scheme, decided to buy similar suits the moment they got back to London.

They found no duplicates of Miss Sybilla's seaside outfit, but it wasn't long before a manufacturer of sporting goods was turning them out by the hundreds. It so happens that the actress's fetching costume does not spell anything—she merely picked flags that seemed to supply the best color contrast—but the "flag suit" now on the market can be bought with any short name or word fluttering down their fronts. At least one exclusive swimming club has adopted the idea and supplies all its members with suits decorated with the name of the club spelled in flags.

Miss Sybilla, the Principal Beauty in "The Dubarry," a London Hit, Who Has Introduced a Novelty in Beach Costumes by Displaying Marine Signals, Embroidered on Her Close-Fitting Bathing Suit.



Hungary's Most Beautiful Child

UNTIL a committee of Hungary's leading photographers picked her from 10,000 youngsters as the most beautiful child in the country, the

little girl, shown below, was an "unknown," except to a small circle of relatives and friends. Today her face is more familiar to her fellow countrymen than the features of any of the nation's grown-up queens of beauty.

Her name is Marika and she is so typically and appealingly Hungarian that almost a million post-card reproductions of this likeness of her were sold in Vienna. Another million pictures of the four-year-old child have been sold outside of the capital. The money raised by the sale of these post-cards is being used in child welfare work.



Marika, Four Years Old, Picked From 10,000 Hungarian Children in a National Contest as the Most Beautiful Child in That Country.



Remarkable Sequence of Snapshots Showing Miss Monica Dunne Falling From Her Mount, Lady Mack, at One of the Most Difficult Fences in the Whaddon Chase Point-to-Point Race for Ladies, Recently Held Near Leighton Buzzard, One of England's Best-Known Hunting Centers.

British Horsewoman's Narrow Escape in Bad Spill

THE "movie strip" directly above shows Miss Monica Dunne, one of the most daring and skilful of English horsewomen, doing what might be called a "Prince of Wales dive."

In the picture at the top, the rider is shown taking one of the most difficult fences in the Whaddon Chase point-to-point race for women at Thornborough. It is apparent that Miss Dunne is making a bad landing and that her mount is going to stumble. The sharp angle of the horse's back and the impact of its front feet has lifted the rider off the saddle and forward.

The next photograph shows the horsewoman astride the horse's neck and well started on her dangerous dive. Her feet still are in the stirrups, but her hands are thrust forward to break her fall when she strikes the turf.

A fraction of a second later—as the third picture in the strip shows—Miss Dunne's body was in a horizontal position. Her feet were still in the stirrups, but in such a position that they would slip out just before she struck the ground. If the plucky woman had not been a skilful rider she might have fallen in such a way that her boots would have caught in the stirrups and she might have been dragged to her death, or seriously injured by falling beneath the body of the tumbling horse. The fourth and last picture is an unusual "action shot," with the horsewoman rolling on the ground. With

something of the agility and presence of mind of a trained gymnast, Miss Dunne has managed to take what is called a rolling fall. Her shoulders have met the turf, but she rolled in the direction the horse is traveling and to one side of the mount. By doing this she avoided serious injury, although, a second later, one of the forefeet of the animal clipped the side of her head, inflicting a slight bruise.

While her head was being bandaged, the injured woman explained that the accident was entirely her fault—even though 20 of the 22 riders that started in the race fell before they reached the finish line.

"I was riding Lady Mack, a game mare and a good jumper," she said. "She wanted to take off about two feet ahead of the point where I made her jump, and that point was too near the hedge. The ground on the side of the hedge nearest the starting line is some two feet lower than on the other side, and it always is dangerous to bring a mount too close to a fence before taking off. I made an error in judgment and I was lucky to get off without paying a higher price for my bad judgment."

The "Prince of Wales dive" is all in the game for veteran riders like Miss Dunne. She has announced that she will enter her name in the Whaddon Chase race next year, and very probably will ride the same horse, which luckily escaped injury in the spectacular fall.

The African Chief's Priceless Throne

THE rulers of the African jungle, like the kings and emperors of less primitive lands, go in for thrones on which they sit when they review their fighting men or issue royal edicts. At the moment, one of these "seats of the mighty," one of the few such objects ever taken out of the Dark Continent, is on view in an exhibition of African art in Berlin, Germany. A photograph of the regal seat is shown below.

A close study of the throne, which was the cherished property of a chief of a tribe in the Cameroons, will show that it is done in what might be called the snake motif. The high back of the throne is fashioned of two uprights, three cross-pieces and four things representing twisted serpents. The heads of the reptiles have white pieces of shell, which are intended to serve for eyes.

The lower part of the throne is semi-circular in shape, and is even more "snaky" than the back. The band that circles the white shell seat is coarse fabric woven to represent snakes. The other band, at the bottom of the curious chair, is on the same order, but in a somewhat different design.

It is the filigree work between these two bands that makes the throne the strange and valuable thing it is, for the craftsmanship is an intricate design of serpents worked out in bits of black stone, white shell and tough vegetable fibre.

The snakes are artistically and elaborately arranged so that the broad head of each is placed in a curve of its own body. And the sinuous body of every one of the snakes is turned once about the body of one of the other serpents in the decorative scheme.

So far as the explorers who bartered for this interesting bit of Negro art could learn, the throne is

about fifty years old and has served as the sitting place of three different rulers of the Cameroons tribe. The throne is in perfect condition and not one tiny piece of stone, shell or fibre has been chipped from it in all these years. It was taken from the stoutest and largest hut in the jungle village where it was protected from any rain-drops that might have seeped through the thatch roof by a big umbrella fashioned of grass and leaves.

The chief deity of the tribe is a snake. That's why the artist, or artists, who made the royal seat chose the decorative scheme they did. The throne was held in awe by the natives of the tribe and none of them dared touch a finger to it unless permitted to do so by the all-powerful chief.



The Shell-Covered Chair Used by a Chief of the Cameroons Tribe in Africa Half a Century Ago. It Is Now on Exhibition in a Museum in Berlin.

Taking the Joy Out of Life

LONDON. THE Bloodhound is a sad and dejected looking fellow under the happiest of conditions. But when trouble comes into his life, via the bathtub, his mournful face takes on an expression of absolute misery.

In the photograph at the right, one of the four-legged inmates of the Dog and Cat Bureau, in Blanford Street, seems to have lost his faith, if any, in human nature, and to have abandoned any hope that he might have privately cherished that there's something pleasant to look forward to in a dog's life.

So utterly depressed did this dog become when he saw the tin tub and bottles of flea-killing liquid, he submitted without a struggle.



All Bloodhounds Are Famous for Their Dejected Look, but This One, Having His Weekly Bath in the Blanford Street Kennels, London, Is Perhaps the Most Mournful-Looking of His Species.

Ape-Men and Ape-Women Still in Sumatra's Jungles?

Marco Polo Reported the "Missing Link" There 600 Years Ago, Travelers Keep Telling the Same Story, But If It Is So, Science Says the Ruthless Hunters Who Recently Announced They Had Killed One Only Slew a Baby Monkey



Living Proof That Mother Love Is Not Confined to Humans. This Languid Monkey of India Cares for Her Baby as Carefully as Any Human Mother Could Do, Which Is Precisely What the Sumatran Monkey Mother Did When the Hunters of the Supposed Ape-Man Attacked Her. This Is the Kind of Monkey Which Sir Arthur Keith Believes the Ape-Man Hunters May Have Shot, but American Authorities Disagree.

A FEW weeks ago a remarkable story came over the cables from the East Indian island of Sumatra, famous for centuries for wonders of many kinds, from the rhinoceros over which people marvel in the Middle Ages to the strange epics that Yankee skippers brought back in their clipper ships in the days when American commerce went around the Horn to China and the East. A band of hunters, it was said, had shot a wild ape-woman and her baby. The female, although wounded, escaped. The baby died and its body had been preserved, the report said.

Thus came to the most definite state so far a legend that has lasted at least since the days of Marco Polo. Photographs of the skin and skeleton of the supposed ape-baby now have been received both in New York and in London. What the verdict of science is on the tale the photographs on this page make clear.

For years natives of the remote parts of the island have been reporting their animals under the names of Orang Pendek or Orang Letjo. Orang Pendek means small man, for the animals always are reported as only about half or less the height of an ordinary human being. Orang Letjo means "man who speaks gibberish," referring to the inability of the human natives to understand any of the sounds that the supposed animals make. Similarly, the more familiar term, Orang Utan, which is the name of a kind of ape not uncommon in modern zoos, means "man of the woods" and indicates that almost any kind of a man-like ape is likely to be named by the natives a "man" or "orang."

Spurred by the offer of a reward, a large party of Sumatran hunters set out in June of this year for the seldom-visited Rokan Mountains. Finally, the party chanced on a small family or band of the mysterious Orang Letjos. All ran away rapidly except one mother, who delayed to urge her young baby to faster flight.

One of the hunters fired, wounded the mother and killed the baby. Seeing her baby fallen, the mother finally ran off with the rest of the family and disappeared, perhaps to die later on in the forest.

Thus runs the simple, tragic story of what might have been the death of one of the most important to science of all creatures in the world. It does not detract from the pathos of the mother's self-sacrifice and loss that the victim probably was not really a Sumatran ape-man baby but was merely a baby monkey.

As soon as the photographs from Sumatra reached London they were submitted to the famous anatomist and expert on evolution, Sir Arthur Keith. It was very unlikely, Sir Arthur decided, that any unknown kind of ape-man was represented. The probability that some such creature intermediate

between man and ape once lived in Sumatra and Java is great, for it was in the latter island that there were found a generation ago the fossil bones of the animal since named as the "holy monkey," of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, unquestionably representing one of the extinct ape-like varieties of man. The story of the Orang Letjo, however, Sir Arthur Keith decided, is untrue. Instead of any unknown, or unusual animal, the baby that was shot belonged, he believes, to the group of languid monkeys, already well known as the "holy monkeys," protected at many temples in India and specimens of which exist in many zoos.

In the United States, experts of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, reach the same conclusion that no ape-man is concerned, although Dr. H. C. Raven and Dr. W. K. Gregory, of that institution, when consulted by the American Weekly, decided on a different monkey species as the one most likely to be represented by the baby victim of the Sumatran hunters. This baby probably represents, they believe, a macaque monkey, an animal already known to exist in the Sumatran mountains, and which is remarkably man-like in many of its characteristics, especially in its babyhood.

In the extensive collections of the American Museum, comprising thousands of bodies, skins and skeletons of animals from every part of the world, Dr. Raven found the skeleton of an undoubted macaque monkey from the same alleged ape-baby ones. Any one can see from these photographs how similar the two creatures are, even if they are not absolutely identical.

Dr. Raven, who has spent years in the Dutch East Indies studying the native animals and collecting specimens, expressed these views in a statement prepared for the American Weekly.

With reference to the recent reports of an "Ape Man," "Orang Letjo" or "Orang Pendek" from Sumatra, he said, "Dr. G. Elliot Smith and Sir Arthur Keith of London have pointed out that claim as to the existence of such



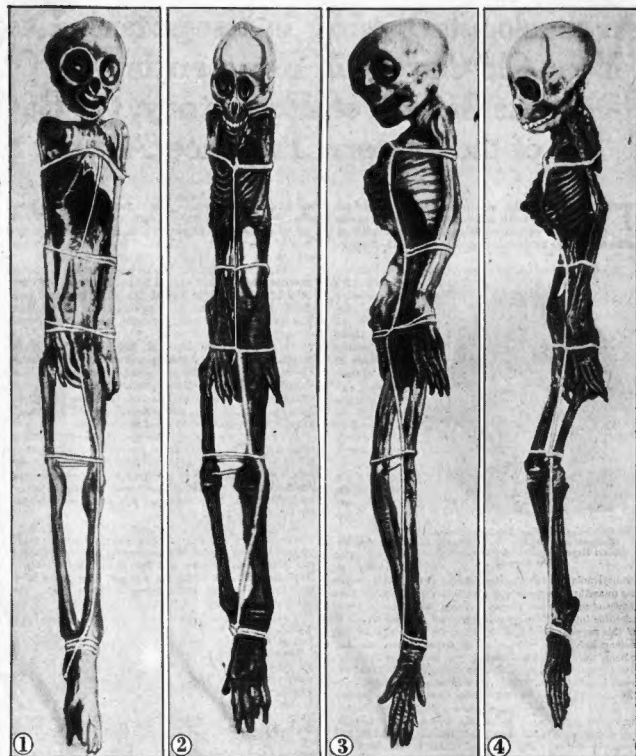
In River Gravel of the Near-by Island of Java There Were Found Years Ago the Bones of the Famous Ape-Man Fossil, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, of Which This Is an Artist's Reconstruction—But All These Real Ape-Men of Ancient Geological Age Science Believes to Be Extinct.

a creature in the East Indies go back to the time of Marco Polo.

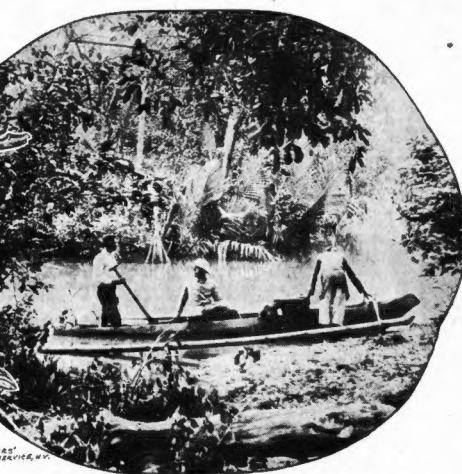
"While hunting in the forests of Borneo, natives occasionally pointed out to me footprints which they claimed to have been made by an animal that walked like man and which they referred to as 'Orang Pendek,' literally translated from the Malay meaning 'short man.' In every case I identified the footprints as having been made by a macaque (*Macaca nemestrina*).

"It is the custom of the Malays and many other peoples to peg skins out to dry. This is done with the hairy side of the skin down and the inner side exposed. It is customary in the field when preserving skeletons to strip off some of the flesh and tie the limbs and body together with a bit of rattan or cord and then dry them."

The photographs showing two views of the skeleton of the so-called "Ape Man" of Sumatra and another photograph of the skin lead me to the conclusion that the specimen has been prepared in the manner described. As a



How Dr. Raven, of the Famous New York Scientific Institution, the American Museum of Natural History, Disproved, Especially for the American Weekly, the Story of the Living Sumatran Ape-Woman and Her Baby. Figure 1 is the Front View of the Supposed Ape-Baby, as Photographed in Sumatra. Figure 2 is the Skeleton of an Ordinary Young Monkey of the Macaque Species, Taken From the Collections of the American Museum and Photographed by Dr. Raven in the Same Position as the Supposed Ape-Baby Skeleton. Figure 3 is Another Photograph of the Sumatran Skeleton, Shown in Profile. Figure 4 is the Museum's Macaque Monkey, Also Photographed by Dr. Raven in a Profile View.



A Photograph of a Sumatran Jungle in Which the Living Ape-Man or "Orang Letjo" of the Hunters' Tale Is Supposed to Live, but Science Says That These Are Merely Monkeys or Apes of Well-Known Kinds.

young East Indian monkey of the same size (16½ inches from heel to crown) was available, I have prepared it for comparison with the original in the same way as I believe, the Sumatran specimen was prepared."

These photographs, made by Dr. Raven of the known specimen of monkey preserved in the Museum in New York, are printed on this page, side by side with the photographs of the supposed ape-man from Sumatra.

The macaque monkey, if it really was a baby macaque which was shot by the Sumatran hunters, should have a short tail. This is missing from the Sumatran specimen, as are also some of the teeth which even a baby monkey of this kind should have. It is probable, however, that the teeth have been removed, either purposely or accidentally.

Thus ends the great ape-man mys-

traveler in China and the East, Marco Polo, heard much the same ape-man story in the same region. Describing the Kingdom of Lambi, said to constitute one of the eight separate kingdoms then existing in the island of "Java the Lesser," now called Sumatra, Marco Polo's narrative says: "In this kingdom are found men with tails, a span in length, like those of the dog, but not covered with hair. The greater number of them are formed in this manner, but they dwell in the mountains and do not inhabit towns."

That even of Marco Polo's time that part of the world was not entirely innocent of scientific fakes is indicated by another passage in the same narrative, describing one of the remarkable products of this same island of Sumatra. "It should be known," the narrative runs, "that what is reported respecting the dried bodies of diminutive human creatures or pigmies, brought from India, is an idle tale, such pretended men being manufactured in this island in the following manner:

"The country produces a species of monkey of a tolerable size and having a countenance resembling that of a man. Those persons who make it their business to catch them, shave off the hair, leaving it only about the chin and those other parts where it naturally grows on the human body. They then dry and preserve them with camphor and other drugs; and having prepared them in such a mode that they have exactly the appearance of little men, they put them into wooden boxes and sell them to the trading people of the world."

Yes, the story of the shooting of the recent ape-baby may be true enough, and it may be no means without interest to the evolutionists.

If men and monkeys are so much alike in body and habits, there must be truth in the theory that they are linked together by inheritance from some remote animal ancestor of both of them. There exist in the world, of recent lecturer stated, five kinds of great apes. They are the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the gibbon, the orang utan and man.

Archeologists Digging in Mesopotamia Discover a 6,000-Year-Old Clay Seal Representing the Oldest Version of the Garden of Eden Story, the Basis of Most of the Modern Prejudice Against Serpents

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Misfortunes of Fortune-Tellers Who Guess Right

Keep Out of Trouble When They Are Vague and Hazy in Dealing With Their Dupes, But When Things Actually Turn Out as "the Cards Tell It"—Well, Here Is What Has Recently Happened to Some of These Accidentally-Too-Truthful Peerers Into the Future



Mrs. Ballo's "Murder Cards." Left to Right, These Strange Czech-Slovakian Cards Indicated Sudden Death, a Widow and Justice Investigating a Crime—and to Her Discomfort, They Really Did Prophecy Accurately for Her Client.

"A PROPHETESS ain't without honor save in her own home town," remarked Mrs. Susie Ballo, when the police came to arrest her for being "too darned accurate" in prophesying the murder of George Carl, a neighbor.

The chief complaint against mediums, crystal-gazers, clairvoyants, card-readers and other occult seers into the future is that they never foretell a crime or help the police catch a criminal. Their answer is that as sure as they do, the police reward these occult stool-pigeons by "pinching" them for knowing more than the law allows. Also, the victims refuse to listen to the warnings. Worst of all, prophets of evil have been unpopular since the days of Cassandra, who prophesied the fall of Troy and got scolded, kicked around and finally murdered for her pains.

When Mrs. George Carl dropped in on Susie and asked her to read the cards, she really wanted to know if her husband always came straight home from work or if a blonde was after him, and such things as that. Susie would have done well to have told her client whatever she wanted to believe and let it go at that. But through carelessness or accident, she let out the dreadful truth.

Susie produced a special pack of cards brought from Prague, Slovakia, where most everyone is psychic. When these had been shuffled long enough to let the spirits stack them in the proper order, the caller was advised to draw one.

Mrs. Carl turned up the faded and worn picture of a skeleton with long flowing robes and a scythe. This Mrs. Ballo interpreted as "sudden death in the family."

"Who?" Mrs. Carl wanted to know, not too much interested, because her mind was on a different line. She was ordered to draw again. This time the card showed a woman in black, weeping beside a grave.

"The widow's card," commented the prophetess. "That means it is your husband."

"When is he going to die, and what of?" the future widow demanded. This was not good news, because, Mrs. Carl says, she did not want to be a widow. For further information, she pulled out card number three, which depicted a magistrate, in native Bohemian costume, sitting on the bench with a quill pen in hand. Even the prophetess was a bit shocked at this.

"That means death by violence," she interpreted, "because the law will investigate."

"Who? When? What for?" cried the caller.

"Draw again," said Mrs. Ballo, but her customer ran out screaming: "No, I must warn him before it is too late."

Mr. Carl was deep in the baseball scores when his wife dashed in, out of breath, and gasped out that he was about to be murdered. And that "So will you, unless you get dinner started," prophesied her greasy husband, without looking up. And that was all the satisfaction Mrs. Carl could



Dramatic Picture of the Bereaved Widow Being Carried Away from Her Murdered Husband's Funeral in a Faint.



Ivan Griler, Brother of Mrs. Carl, Being Tested by the New "Lie Detecting" Machine.

And Above—George Carl, the Murdered Man, and His Attractive Widow, Who Was accused of His Death After the Fortune-Teller Had Predicted It to Her.

ret. She simply could not make Mr. Carl interested in his own murder. Finally it bored him and he forced her to stop talking about it.

Two days later, at midnight, Carl was found in the rear of his grocery, with a bullet through his temple. Fishhooks were scattered around, indicating that he was planning a fishing trip. The cash register had been rifled and pennies scattered over the floor.

The police got little from the hysterical widow except that she and her nine-year-old boy, Dorn, had just returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Charles Griler. Then young Dorn volunteered the information that "mother knew the murder was coming two days ago."

This interested the police so much that they made the weeping widow explain, and then called on Mrs. Ballo, who answered their knock on the door by saying:

"You have come to arrest me."

"Right," said the police. "Did you see that in the cards?"

"Absolutely," replied the seeress. "That top card is a policeman."

"Looks more like a comic opera soldier," was the opinion of the police, who then put this lady "from whom nothing is hidden" through a long quiz. Mrs. Ballo demonstrated how her cards had foretold the tragedy, and for good measure read the fortunes of her inquirers. They finally let her go with a warning not to know so much about any more murders unless she wanted to go to jail.

The authorities turned from the supernatural to a quite common and plausible clue. The dead man had carried \$5,000 life insurance, with what the police call "an invitation-to-murder clause," doubling the amount if the insured dies by violence.

It was discovered that his wife was made beneficiary and that the wife's brother, Ivan Griler, had sold the policy to his brother-in-law. It was also brought out that Carl owed the brother a thousand dollars, which he had bor-

rowed, and that the brother had been pressing Carl for payment.

At the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Carl's Grace said:

"No one can foretell the future, and no one can reveal the secrets of the past through mystic means. Sane, sober thought, every-day wisdom will prevail in this matter, as it does in everything connected with our lives. Let us cast aside this witchery and hope that the dead will be revenged."

"Amen!" said the police, who complain that these diggers into the future short wives and husbands shadowing each other, causing frequent breaches of the peace. Having expressed their contempt for the "black arts" the police turned for aid to something almost equally dubious. They tested the guilt of Ivan Griler and the widow by means of a new-fangled "lie-detecting" machine. Seated with one arm strapped to a contrivance which registers every change in heart beats or blood pressure, the two were warned to tell the truth and tell it quick or the machine would surely betray them.

Mr. Leonard Keeler, of the Northwestern University Laboratories, conducted the test. Griler, seated near the machine and connected with it by means of a wide leather strap around his left arm, was asked: "Do you ever fool with little puzzles?"

"No, I didn't," Griler protested.

Mrs. Carl then given the test. Going through the list of the widow's relatives and friends, Keeler asked: "Did Ivan kill him?"

"I would hang before I said that," Mrs. Carl cried. "No!"

But the machine jumped. Zigzag crests and valleys disturbed its calm account.

Next a coroner's jury was called and an inquest made into the death of the grocer. Entirely unexpected the verdict held that Carl met his death just before midnight July 16 from a revolver held in the hand of either his wife or his brother-in-law.

But the grand jury freed the widow and her brother.

Mrs. Edith Simonds, "faith healer and seeress," some time ago "saw it in the cards" that she was going to marry Dick Fock, orchestra leader, and the cards were right. If the cards tell it all, she should also have foreseen some trouble with Consuelo Flowerton Fock, former actress, the wife she displaced. That indignant lady is now suing her in the New York courts for alienation of affections.

Consuelo says that while living in Vienna, several years ago, she brought a frost-bitten hand to Edith to be treated in her capacity as faith healer. Edith cured it up so nicely that she brought her another trouble—husband trouble—and Edith assured her, she says, that this, too, would be cured up nicely. If so it was a poor prophecy.

Mrs. Simonds advised, she told Justice Valente, in Chicago, to isolate herself on a mountain and think it over while her husband went on a hiking tour—thus giving things a chance to work out. They worked down and out. Subsequently, Mrs. Fock says, she



Consuelo Flowerton Fock, Who Took the Soothsayer's Advice and Consequently Lost Her Husband, Who Promptly Married the Seeress. But the Second Wife Is Having All Kinds of Legal Difficulties.



Mrs. Ballo, Who Was Arrested for Predicting Carl's Death, Telling Fortunes With Her Trick Cards.

vague that, right or wrong, nobody could pin much of anything on her. One careless day, Veronica prophesied an attempt on the life of Mussolini, naming the day and hour so exactly that she was imprisoned as an accessory.

Mlle. Henriette Letellier, of Cannes, foretold a robbery of the Casino, which she said would take place in four days, and it did, successfully, and although she had nothing whatever to do with the matter, she spent eight months in jail before her trial came up and it was proven that she could not have had anything to do with it.

Germany produced the best grade A prophet in modern times, a young lady who paid for it with her life. In the early days of 1914, a few months before the outbreak of the World War, Fraulein Alba Wittach was a popular fortune teller in Berlin. She made the mistake of prophesying the fall of the Russian Emperor, when Germany and Russia were still at peace and the rulers of the two countries were loving cousins. She was driven from Germany to Holland.

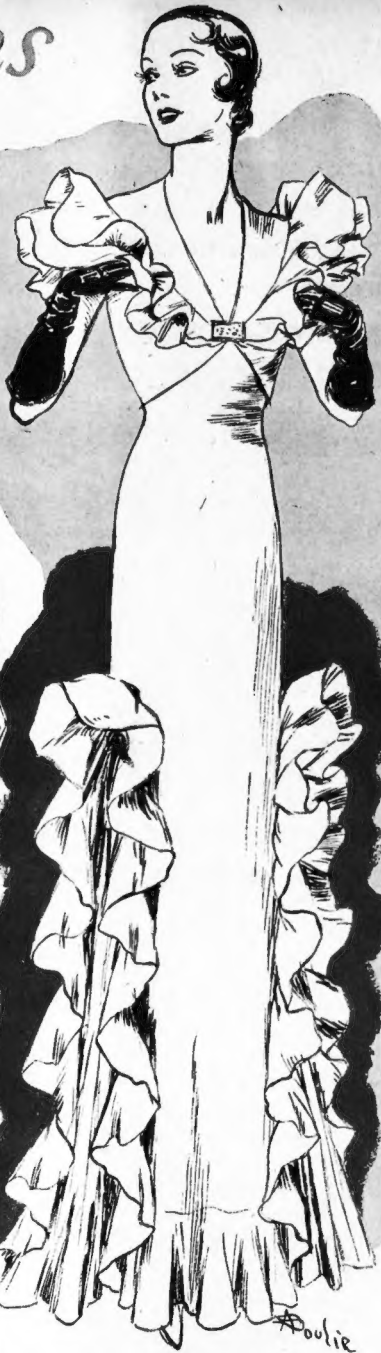
Two or three years later, after Nicholas had been deposed and murdered by the Bolsheviks, Fraulein Wittach returned in triumph to Berlin. She again became a popular and much-believed soothsayer. Then she made another mistake. She foretold the collapse of the German Empire and the exile of its Kaiser to Holland, from which she had just returned. Fraulein Alba was not exiled this time. She simply disappeared, and it was whispered through the underground channels of Berlin that she had faced an early morning firing squad. And this was a year before the November armistice and the flight of Wilhelm to Doorn, Holland. If she were alive nothing could prevent Fraulein Alba from turning up and boasting about her accuracy.

During the height of the depression, Communists in America helped things along by calling people on the telephone, prophesying that their bank was about to fail and advising them to withdraw their deposits quickly. If enough depositors can be made to believe that of any bank it will come true.

New Evening Gowns

For General Service, There is Nothing More Useful Than a Lace Evening Gown. Here is a Charming Dress in Sulphur Yellow Chantilly Lace, All In Edges Being Bound in Matching Crepe. The Bodice Has a Second Ruffle in the Back, Giving the Effect of a Bolero. The Skirt is Plain in the Front, and in the Back is Made of a Series of Ruffles, the Top One Continued Round the Front, Like a Peplum.

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



PARIS, August 19.
THE final events of a crowded Paris season, are interesting as advance fashion information for the coming Autumn in America, because women take this last opportunity, before dispersing for the Summer, to wear their newest gowns.

Several tendencies have been remarked on these occasions. The first is the influence of the period of the Nineties on present day dressing. This was particularly apparent during the engagement of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. One of their novelties was a ballet with costumes and settings by Derain, the contemporary Paris painter, which was a sort of outcome of the styles of the early Nineties. In the audience, one might observe amusing reflections of the same epoch, which is now so far off, that it has become " quaint " and " picturesque " instead of merely out-of-date. The most striking of all the gowns worn at the first performance, was undoubtedly the one sketched on this page, and worn by Madame Porel. It was a ruffled creation in white silk, and she wore her dark hair short and curly, pushed up to a crest on the head, where a white cord was twisted into the topknot.

At every evening event, one or more of these fluffy frocks might have been observed. Prills over the shoulders, giving a wide effect, a trim waist-band, frequently made of a ribbon in another color, and a skirt that is fitted through the hips, with a sharp flare below the knees—all this is typically 1890, and is seen often enough to be a real influence on the present-day evening mode.

A tentative return to firmer materials is also forecast for the near future. In the silk collections, a certain number of fabrics with more body are shown. The model sketched on this page illustrates this tendency as it is already seen in the living mode. This gown was in a pale rose-colored faille. The jacket was of unusual form,

The Noted Actress Jane Renouard Wears This Informal Evening Gown, From Lanvin, in Black Georgette. With the Hip Section All in Horizontal Pin Tucks, With Bands of the Material Running Up Between Them. With This Gown She Wears a Typical Lanvin Cape Made of Bands of Net Entirely Covered With Silver Spangles, and Tied at One Side With a Bow and Ends of the Georgette.

curved up into a point at the sides; collarless, and made with a short puffed sleeve. It was trimmed with a band of dark mink. Above the knee on the skirt, there was a second band of the mink, following the lines of the jacket

This Gown, Seen at a Recent Important Paris Event, Is in Very Pale Rose Colored Faille. The Jacket Worn With It is of Unusual Shape. Cut Up at the Side and Collarless, but With a Short Puffed Sleeve Finished With a Band of Dark Mink. Across the Back Is a Second Band of Mink, Giving the Effect of a Bolero. The Gown Is Slim, High Waisted, and Has a Band of the Mink at the Knees, Running Up Also at the Side. Below This the Skirt is Spread Out in Crisp Folds.

straight-hanging folds. The informal evening gown worn by Jane Renouard on the stage, here, and made by Lanvin is an illustration of the latter. This dress, of black georgette, would be very useful as a Summer traveling gown, for it may be varied according to the occasion for which it is worn, by means of little capes, fichus, or boleros of different colors and materials. Mlle. Renouard wears it with one of Lanvin's favorite circular polka-dots made entirely of silver bangles. Lanvin sent her mannequins to the last big tea days in Paris, wearing long frocks of organdy, plain dotted or striped, with little velvet capes,

A Feeling of the "Nineties" Has Crept Into the Evening Mode. At the Ballet Russe, Madame Porel Wore in the Audience This Gown of White Faille. The Skirt Was Ruffled in Vertical Double Ruffles Up the Sides to a Point Half Way Between Waist and Knee, While the Little Bolero Was Also Ruffled to Correspond.

*at the sides. Below this far band, the skirt spread sharply into crisp folds.

Side by side with these flaring gowns, are many slim ones, some recalling the pillar-like silhouette of Directoire or Empire times, and others made of soft materials, with considerable fullness disguised in evening gown worn by Jane Renouard on the stage, here, and made by Lanvin is an illustration of the latter. This dress, of black georgette, would be very useful as a Summer traveling gown, for it may be varied according to the occasion for which it is worn, by means of little capes, fichus, or boleros of different colors and materials. Mlle. Renouard wears it with one of Lanvin's favorite circular polka-dots made entirely of silver bangles. Lanvin sent her mannequins to the last big tea days in Paris, wearing long frocks of organdy, plain dotted or striped, with little velvet capes,

just like this one, stopping at the collarbone, and falling to the elbow. Lanvin's new lace frocks, made of Chantilly, all have these cape-collars of the same lace, tied either in front or in back.

Chantilly lace is staging a return to favor. The gown from Agnes-Dreoll sketched on this page, is in this delightful filmy material, in a shade of light sulphur yellow. The skirt is ruffled in the back, but the top ruffle runs right round the figure, making a peplum in the front. A bolero effect is given by the flounce set across the bodice in the back. All the edges are bound with crepe matching in color.

Not all the laces seen are of the Chantilly type. There are the dull-surfaced "peau d'ange" laces, large patterned laces on a net foundation, and, above all, the starched, or artificially stiffened small-patterned ones, of which the mode at present is very fond. They lend themselves well to the epaulette effects that we like just now, and to the crisply flared skirts, the flare starting at about the knees, which, as I have said, are reminiscent of the Nineties. Black and white are perhaps the favorite colors for lace gowns, but I see them in coral, pink, leaf green, and in mauve and purple as well.

This is an eclectic season for evening gown. Beside the satins and mat crepes, we find, at every smart gathering, naive organdies and muslins, often dotted or striped, only occasionally flowered; while Chantilly's pique frocks are sure to be present on every evening-dress occasion. Of course, these gowns look best of all at the seashore Casinos, which is really the ideal setting for them.

Looking for Poison in the Bodies of Queens Dead 400 Years

Polish Scientists Discover the Hidden Tombs of the Two Wives of Heroic King Sigismund and Will Make All Modern Tests to Determine Whether They Were Murdered by the Wicked Queen Dowager



Portraits of the Unfortunate Queen Elizabeth and Queen Barbara. From the Ancient Miniatures of His Two Queens, Elizabeth and Barbara. Which King Sigismund Carried With Him After Their Deaths.

A VILNA, Poland, Aug. 16. MYSTERY of royal crime, romance and love 400 years old is being investigated by the most up-to-date scientific methods in this old city.

About 400 years ago two beautiful young Queens of Poland—Elizabeth of Austria and Barbara Radziwill—died one after the other after brief lives of royal magnificence. They were the brides of King Sigismund of Poland, of the historic family of the Jagiellons, one of the most romantic and brilliant kings who ever ruled in Europe. He reigned from 1548 to 1572, a period when Poland was at the height of its glory and many romantic figures were stalking across the world's stage.

Both Queens lived but a few years as partners in the royal splendor, but they were years filled with strange events. There have always been persistent traditions, referred to by some historians, that both the young Queens were poisoned by the Queen Dowager, who hated them because they had taken the place that had once been hers.

Now the bodies of the two Queens, long lost to sight, have just been discovered in a forgotten crypt of the Vilna Cathedral. This discovery may give the scientists an opportunity of deciding whether or not a crime was committed 400 years ago.

The bodies of Queen Elizabeth and King Alexander Jagiello, which was also in the crypt, had long ago crumbled almost to dust, but that of Queen Barbara was remarkably well preserved. This, it has been suggested, may be explained by the fact that Barbara was poisoned with arsenic and the others were not. Arsenic is well known to be an excellent preservative of animal tissues. But scientists say that while this result may have been due to arsenic, there are many things that affect the preservation of a dead body.

When several bodies are examined of the same vault, a long time after death, all having died at about the same time, one may be in a fine state of preservation while another will have nearly dissolved away. A lean, hard body will last well, while a soft one will attract various agencies of decomposition. A dry place free from water or moisture favors the preservation of the dead. This condition was furnished to a fair degree by the crypt at Vilna. It is recalled that the bodies of many of the Kings of Spain have been perfectly preserved for nearly 500 years by simply exposing them in a very dry cave in the mountains.

Poland gloriously for two centuries, was of Lithuanian origin. The King's second wife, the dark-eyed Queen Barbara, was also a Lithuanian.

The collapse of a part of the floor of the Vilna Cathedral this Spring was the event that led to the discovery of the forgotten tombs. Workmen were ordered to make repairs and under the broken pavement brought to light a staircase that had been closed up. Descending they found themselves in a crypt or underground mortuary chapel lined with the statey coffins of the rulers of ancient Lithuania and Poland. The place was heavy with the dust of ages and had a death-like scent. It was an awe-inspiring sight to the workmen who made the discovery and they retreated in horror.

The clergy of the Cathedral and other experts were summoned to the scene, and after exhaustive examination identified among others the coffins of King Alexander Jagiello and Queens Elizabeth and Barbara. Scholars at once pointed out that the chapter of history reopened by this discovery was of immense interest. It was a period filled with romance and tragedy and compared with the age of the Valois in France or the Tudors in England.

The Jagiellons were a brilliant race of warriors and rulers in the days when kings had to hold their possessions with their own right arms. They were a dominating force in Eastern Europe for two centuries and their final extinction was one of the principal causes of the long decline of Poland. Of this distinguished family King Sigismund was one of the bravest and ablest rulers. As his first wife he married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, a charming golden-haired maiden. It was mainly a marriage of state, which had been urged on the King by his father, for the alliance with the all-powerful house of Austria strengthened Poland.

But little Princess Elizabeth, a mere child, stored her husband just as if she were a humble born wife, and thought him the handsomest King in Europe. All the young noblemen at the court deeply admired the young Princess, and it became the fashion to write sonnets about her charms. Sigismund alone did not join in this chorus of admiration. His sentiments were of tolerance and little more. The Princess grieved and tried to win him, but could accomplish nothing. The truth was that his affections were engaged elsewhere.



An Old Print of the Cathedral at Vilna, Poland, Where the Hidden Tombs of the Two Queens Were Found.

her life. Nobody knew exactly what the disease was, but suspicion pointed strongly to the Queen Dowager. It was impossible for anybody but Sigismund himself to make an accusation against such a powerful person, and it was not even safe to whisper the suspicion. Four years later the king married with great ceremony the Princess Barbara Radziwill. He had already been married to her secretly for four years, it was said. She was a Princess of one of the oldest families of Lithuania, his own land, a family that rivaled his own in antiquity and power.

Barbara was the great love of the King's life—and he had considerable sentimental experience before that. His chivalrous devotion to her while she was Queen was the wonder of Europe. Barbara was an entirely different person from poor little Elizabeth. She was black-haired, black-eyed, passionate, wilful, imperious. But Queen Barbara's charms and absolute power over her husband caused the wicked old Queen to hate her even more than she had the fair Elizabeth. The old Queen pretended that the Radziwill family were trying to rule all Poland through their king, and she persuaded many people to conspire against her.

Then Queen Barbara began to suffer from a mysterious illness not unlike



So Heartbroken Was King Sigismund Over the Death of Barbara and So Disturbed by His Suspensions That the Old Queen Had Poisoned Her That He Employed Sorcerers to Call Up Her Spirit to Tell Him the Truth. And Legend Says That This Actually Happened. The Incident Pictured Here by a Polish Artist.

that which had ended a poor Elizabeth's days. Barbara was strong and she fought desperately against the madness, but slowly it stole her strength away and she became a ghost of her former self.

King Sigismund was driven frantic by the illness of his darling. He turned his country upside down and searched Europe from end to end in his despairing efforts to find a cure for his Queen. Doctors, it need hardly be said, were not of much use in those days. After he had tried all those of high standing he summoned sorcerers, wizards, witches, astrologers and all sorts of charlatans. But the efforts of all of them were of no avail and the beautiful, vital Barbara faded away and died miserably like her predecessor.

The King sat day and night by her bedside in her dying hours, trying to coax her back to life and learn the secret of her illness. Such grief as he displayed after her death was not known.

history. He mourned for the rest of his life. King Sigismund sat for hours with eyes fixed on his lost love's picture, meditating on her memory. He employed magicians of fearful reputation to call up her spirit that he might look upon her again and find out from her what caused her death. According to legend, a vision of Barbara was actually produced by the magicians before the King's eyes, but what if anything she told him is not known.

If the Queen Mother or some other person poisoned Queen Barbara, it is highly probable that arsenic was the poison she used. This poison was more commonly employed than any other in medieval times, especially in Eastern Europe. It is easy to obtain, easy to administer and the murderer has an excellent chance of escaping detection.

Many persons in Eastern European countries, usually old women, have made a trade of selling this poison,

and the practice was common until a few years ago and is said not to have ceased yet. Poland, Hungary and East Prussia are familiar with this nefarious trade. The poison is often sold to wives wishing to get rid of their husbands because they are ill-treated or because they wish to marry another man.

Arsenic was obtained by these old poisoners from small mines, in which it exists in easily accessible form. There was an elaborate lore of administering the poison in old times, which is probably not yet entirely forgotten. As most people know, arsenic can be given in doses so small as to cause death very slowly. This makes it difficult to tell whether a person has been poisoned or not. But if the doses are too small, the intended victim may become accustomed to them and may not die from the poison. There are indeed habitual arsenic eaters who live to a good old age.

The old-time poisoners ground the crystals of arsenic into a powder looking like powdered glass. A wife would have plenty of opportunities of dropping this into her husband's food.

Scientists and medical men are generally agreed that under certain conditions it would be quite possible to detect poison in the body of a person dead for nearly 400 years, like the two Queens of Poland. Arsenic is the most difficult to be traced with least possibility of error. There are several reasons for this. After arsenic has been absorbed by the body it usually finds its way to the hair and fingernails. These two parts of the body remain in good condition for an indefinite time after death, thus preserving the poison.

Some persons have pointed out that Queen Barbara was probably embalmed with arsenic by order of her adoring husband, as the substance was frequently used for the purpose. The presence of arsenic in the body, they think, would be no proof of murder. But this is an unfounded assumption. When arsenic is injected into the tissues after death as an embalming substance it does not pass to the hair and fingernails because there is no longer any circulation to carry it there. The presence of poison in these places would have no connection with the embalming process and would undoubtedly be evidence of crime. And so the doctors and toxicologists with Bunsen burners, test-tubes and chemical reagents may tell us if Queen Elizabeth or Queen Barbara died by poison 400 years ago.



A Close-Up View Showing the Carved Pillars and Entrance of One of the Religious Caves Cut Out of the Living Rock.

The Extraordinary Frescoes and Carvings in the Buddhist Caves of Ajanta, in India, to Be Restored and Perpetuated Forever in an International Public Park for All Mankind

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AMONG the wonders of the world, the marvels of nature and man, have been listed the caves of Ajanta in Hyderabad State, India. These extraordinary churches and dwellings cut out of the living rock in the mountainside represent the work of 800 years of the priests of Buddha, and now the Nizam (ruling prince) of Hyderabad has ordered these extraordinary relics of earlier centuries preserved for all time in what will be an international historical park for the benefit of all mankind.

The temples and monasteries cut out of the mountainside are the patient work of devoted Buddhist Monks covering a period of 800 years. But for more than twelve centuries they were lost and forgotten until about 100 years ago. Fortunately the passage of years has dealt lightly with the elaborate carvings and the remarkable paintings and frescoes which decorate the caves.

They were hewn out of an almost perpendicular cliff-face, 250 feet high, curving round in a semi-circle and overhanging the bed of a stream. A ledge of rock, now very difficult to pass in places, is apparently the only means of access that there ever has been. The earliest of these chapels dates back to about 200 years before the birth of Christ, and the cave architects abandoned their mountainside retreats in the Seventh Century A. D. when Buddhism was driven out of India.

The carvings are elaborate and interesting and reveal how skillfully wooden decorations may be imitated in stone. But the paintings and the interior are even more noteworthy, and are artistically superior to the carvings. They represent a vast variety of subjects from figures of Buddha and his disciples to domestic, hunting and battle scenes. The original brilliant coloring seems not to have faded in many of these frescoes.

The method of lighting the shrines was ingenious. The light was introduced through one great opening in the center of the facade, which threw a brilliant light on the altar while the spectator himself stood in the shade, and the roof and aisles faded into comparative gloom. It was the most artistic mode of lighting a building of this class that has ever been invented, certainly superior to anything achieved by the Romans, or during the Middle Ages.

And now, by the command of the Nizam of Hyderabad, these old monasteries and temples in all their remarkable beauty, with facades and pillared porticoes and frescoed chambers, will be preserved forever. The Nizam is reported to be one of the wealthiest men in the world whose yearly income is estimated at \$50,000,000, and whose bushels of diamonds and emeralds and ingots of gold and silver bullion have made his name a legend in the Western Hemisphere. His two sons were recently married to the daughter and the niece of the former Caliph at Istanbul.

This enormously rich prince has also had the carvings photographed and the paintings and frescoes reproduced in their original colors, and plates have been made and published at the Nizam's expense by the United States Press. If a cataclysm of nature should destroy the mountain, there will thus be preserved for future generations careful copies of the exquisite work of the old Buddhist priests.

The uneven spaces on the painted walls of the caves, caused by the ravages of time since the Buddhist monks left their superhuman task in the seventh century, are being filled in with

a particular preparation consisting of plaster of Paris, arsenic and other ingredients to produce a smooth and durable surface. In this way the deterioration of the pictures will be arrested.

The story of how the caves came to be built near the little village of Ajanta, in the heart of the inaccessible, wild hills of the Western Indian jungle, is as extraordinary as the art products themselves. When one gazes at the elaborately carved stone doorways, the exquisitely chiseled pillars, the sculptured Buddhas of every size from giant to miniature, situated inside the dark and peaceful dungeons, it is hard to believe that they were really wrought by human hands right out of the living rock of the mountainside. Yet, unbelievable as it may seem, the old Buddhist monks were busy with this labor of love for many generations, with no dynamite or machinery to help them blast the rock, with only their devotion to Gautama Buddha, their master, to spur them on.

By what must have been grim determination and untiring perseverance they set to work upon Mother Earth herself and brought forth from her very lap this series of temples, cells and meeting-rooms that are unique in history. Although they never dreamed what their work would mean for future generations, the new temple in College Square, Calcutta, has recently adorned its walls with frescoes copied from the Ajanta paintings, since the most modern school of art in India, the Bengal School, realizes that the magic charm of the Ajanta works is unsurpassed in beauty even by the paintings of the twentieth century.

Modern artists say that the old Buddhist monks painted in the modern manner. The similarity of these paintings to those of such modern artists as Gauguin and Matisse has often been commented on.

In the days when the worship of the Lord Gautama Buddha attracted the most learned and the most highly-cultured men of India, in the days when religion meant a life devoted exclusively to study and meditation, groups of monks were in the habit of wandering off by themselves and secluding themselves in faraway retreats where they would be undisturbed by the distractions of this world. Back in the third century B. C., one such group was looking for a quiet hiding-place in the wild Bindha hills about 400 miles from Bombay. There, near the village of Ajanta, they came to the brink of a beautiful gorge which must have seemed, as it seems today, particularly restful and secluded. About one hundred feet below them they saw the waters of the Waghura stream, rushing and gurgling happily, and about them was the wild beauty of the Indian jungle.

In the sides of the ravine, the monks noticed several natural apertures. Several of them crawled inside and reported favorably. The rest followed and immediately they decided to remain, for within the wild caves they felt a communion with nature and the great forces that lie



Fresco of a Buddhist Painted in Rich Colors.

beneath the surface of things.

The small group of monks made the cool shadows of the mountain caves their home. They felt that there they could find the refuge they wanted in which they would be able to render proper homage to Buddha. They were few in number, but they made up in inspiration and ambition what they lacked in quantity. The first task they set themselves was the carving out of a group of cells in which they could live and sleep. Then they proceeded to hew right out of the mountainside a gorgeous temple in the center of the cells.

This first temple, or chaitya as it is called, is one of the earliest places of Buddhist worship ever discovered in India. In it they placed no images of Buddha, for the early Buddhists considered the Master's figure too sacred to be reproduced. The figures of Buddha which are to be found there now were added at a later date when Buddhism was changed from a religion of simplicity to one of idolatry. In this temple they carved columns so exquisite and delicate in design that they look more like woodwork than stone.

The next temple they built is perhaps the largest at Ajanta. An inscription upon its doorway—a doorway carved out of the living rock—tells how the front of the temple was the gift of a gentleman by the name of Katakadi of the rich family of Vasiatha. He gave the money to the monks to sustain them while they labored on the decoration just as men today donate beautiful windows and expensive organs to their churches.

After the monks had carved their sleeping cells, each with its two stone beds, and their cave temples out of the mountain, they began to decorate the walls and the ceilings of the chambers with paintings. These frescoes now make a vast drama in which the characters are heroes, princes, ordinary men and women, in joyful attitudes of play and procession. The monks painted narrative scenes, portraits, purely decorative flowers, and countless illustrations taken from the life of Buddha in his various incarnations on earth.

One remarkable feature of the art is that these old monks knew not only religious history—the Ajanta frescoes give an unbroken pictured

Churches Cut in th



General View of Fifteen of the Chapels and Monasteries Carved in



Photograph of the Elaborate Structures at the Entrance of One of the Chapels, All Carved from the Living Rock of the Mountainside.



A Hall With Cells for the Monks

tales of the story of Buddhism—but also were endowed with a vast knowledge of worldly events and a great understanding of the joys of life. On the walls of their monastic cells they painted scenes of court life, which pictured beautiful royal ladies in gorgeous raiments with girdles of pearls, and they drew royal love and feast scenes. They seemed to have had the power to combine physical and spiritual beauty.

The colors they used in their paintings were vivid and delicate; the forms were graceful and alive. They covered the rock with a very thin white plaster which they mixed themselves, and on this surface they drew the outlines of the figures, later tinting them in bright and sombre shades of red, brown, blue, gold and green.

ie Mountainside

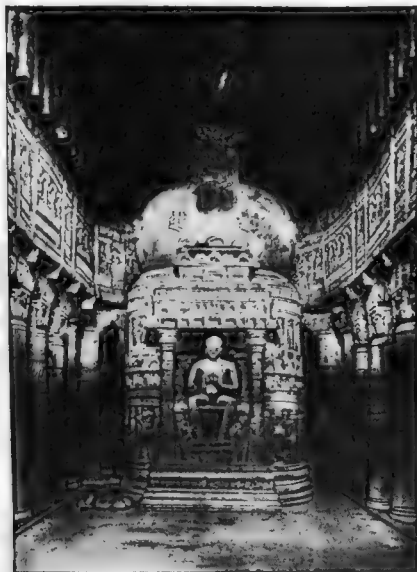


Hillside by the Old Buddhist Monks at Ajanta.



Interior View of One of the Chapels Which Was Entirely Cut Out of the Rock, Showing Carved Pillars and Frescoed Ceiling.

Chapels and Monasteries With Pillars, Porticoes and Statues of Deities Carved from the Living Rock by the Old Monks, and Richly Decorated—One of the Wonders of the World



Interior of One of the Chapels, Showing a Seated Buddha on a Lion Throne, While Buddhas in Various Attitudes Fill the Remaining Compartments of the Chamber—All Carved Out of the Living Rock.



Flying Figures of One of the Frescoes Traced in Outline for the British Museum.

dhist college learned the foundations of philosophy, ethics and religion. Little did they realize, as they worked incessantly inside the caves where the rays of the sun penetrated only for a few hours during the day, that they were making not only a historical record of costume and worship for all time, but also art forms which are now acknowledged to be the equivalent of the greatest works of Italy and to be ultra-modern in spirit.

From 200 B. C. to the seventh century A. D. the monks lived and worked at Ajanta. Then, due to religious persecution and the decline of Buddhism, they disappeared. What became of them, where they went, no one knows. But we do know that they left the caves.

What happened to these caves through the centuries that intervened? They became overrun by wild tribesmen. They became the refuge of all the wild animals of the Indian jungle. Tigers prowled about among the glorious stone statues of Buddha. Bats flapped their wings against the delicately painted Hindu princesses. Nature seemed to have abandoned the man-made marvels to the ravages of time and the onslaught of savage forces.

For thirteen long centuries no one knew of their existence. Only at the beginning of the last century and then quite by accident were they found, not by art-lovers looking for treasures, but by some British troops from Madras who just happened to camp near Ajanta. Prowling about, they noticed bright colors glaring through the rocks. They tried to enter the caves but could not go beyond the strong overhanging growth which had sprung up as sort of wall and had fortunately prevented the caves from being damaged beyond repair.

English and Indian organizations co-operated in a mighty cleaning out of the caves. With each new spadeful of dirt removed, new colors and new sculptures were disclosed to the eyes of the excavators. The Bhil tribesmen, who had used the caves as their home, were expelled and an Englishman named Major Gill took up his residence in one of the temples. For ten years he lived there, studying every detail of the art monument. In 1866 his reproductions of the paintings were exhibited at Crystal Palace in London, but a terrific fire destroyed all but five of them.

However, English and Indian art students and critics realized the value of the find and

ized the paintings as "Scenes of everyday life, such as preparing food, carrying water, buying and selling provisions, hunting scenes, elephant-fights, men and women engaged in dancing, singing and playing on musical instruments, many are most gracefully, and all most graphically, depicted upon these walls, and they could only have been done by men who were constant spectators of such scenes, by men of keen observation and retentive memories."

Another marvelous set of reproductions was done by Lady Herringham and published by the India Society in 1915. But by far the most beautiful and most complete is the one now under way by command of Sir Mir Osman Ali Khan, the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Only a few years ago surveyors came to Ajanta and numbered the cave temples in their proper groupings. They now run in numerical order from Cave I to Cave XXIX from east to west, for a third of a mile, from thirty to one hundred feet above the stream. The numbering makes it easier to divide up the art forms into the various periods in which they belong. As a series, these caves illustrate the complete history of Buddhist art from its period of almost no design in the centuries B. C. to its period of great ornamentation in the seventh century A. D. In front of each of the temples there is a spacious stone veranda supported by stone pillars cut out of the rock. There are several meeting-halls, many of them about thirty feet high and twenty feet wide, and many dwelling-cells around each temple.

From the gorge it is possible to reach the caves by a series of stone steps which the Buddhist monks carved right out of the rock. The first cave one enters, Cave I, includes one of the most beautifully decorated and one of the most modern of the monasteries. On its walls there is a painting of the visit of a Persian ambassador to the court of India in 625 A. D. The envoys of Khushru II, King of Persia, are shown as they were received with pomp and ceremony at the court of Pulikish II of Maharashtra. Here the monk-artists displayed their knowledge of court attire and court customs as well as their ability to depict the grace of human limbs and the beauty of human motions.

Painting reached its height in Cave XVII, which has been christened the Cave of the Zodiac because of the circular picture painted at the left end of the outside veranda. Here there are sixty frescoes of great grace and charm. E. B. Havell in his book on Indian Sculpture and Painting says that the picture of the mother and child making an offering to Buddha in this cave suggests the purity of a medieval Italian madonna with her bambino. Perhaps the reason is that

were not to be deterred from preserving the art for posterity. The Government of India sent Mr. J. Griffiths with a group of students from the Bombay School of Art to assist him. Together they worked on a series of reproductions which appeared in 1896. Mr. Griffiths characterized

both the Indian and the Italian artists worked only in the cause of their religions, without any thought of self-glorification. According to Paul Bourget, these works teach the virtue of art accomplished in humility, unsmirched by strivings after tempestuous novelty. Laurence Binyon calls Ajanta the one great surviving monument of the painting created by Buddhist faith and fervor in the land which gave birth to that religion.

When the visitor looks at the sculpture in the caves, he sees the greatest contrast between the center cave, X, which is carved with great simplicity, and a cave at the west end, cave XXVI, which is the latest and one of the most elaborate of all. In cave XXVI there are countless figures of Buddha in every attitude. The triumph of this temple is the magnificent stone Buddha, seated on a lion throne, with Buddhas in various attitudes around the large figure. This monument in the center of a temple is called the dagoba. It covered the relics of Buddha. In Cave X the dagoba is entirely unornamented while in cave XXVI most ornate.

Besides the elaborate dagoba there is in cave XXVI one of the finest sculptures of Buddha ever found as well as the largest. Twenty-nine feet long, it shows Gautama about to enter Paradise after he has rid himself of all the desires of the flesh, the cravings of the heart and the ambitions of the intellect. This Buddha, unlike the vigorous Michelangelo Moses to which it has been compared, radiates eternal peace and the renunciation of all sin. Not far from this statue stands an unfinished piece of sculpture which is as remarkable as the finished work. For- saken in the seventh century by its sculptor, the plan of the lines has remained so distinct that one expects the artist to return to continue his work on the morrow.

Another great sculpture at Ajanta is that of Buddha with his begging bowl receiving a gift of some mud from two children who have been making mud-pies. Buddha does not spurn the humble gift but appreciates the spirit of the boy who gave it. The story goes that this child later became King Asoka and his companion became Asoka's minister. Both of them established Buddhism as the state religion of Behar about 250 B. C.

Now that the Nizam has decided to preserve for all time the great sculpture and paintings made by the Buddhist monks at Ajanta with such infinite patience and extraordinary feeling, perhaps the Department of Archeology of the State of Gwalior, a neighbor of Hyderabad, will receive a sum large enough to enable it to carry on similar work in the cave temples of Bagh.

About 200 miles north of Ajanta near the village of Bagh ancient monks carved out of the limestone rock a series of twenty cave temples, modeling beautiful sculptured pillars, and covering the walls with exquisite paintings. Unfortunately, Bagh was not so well protected as Ajanta from the elements. Its doorways were left wide open to storm and rain and the beautiful works of art have been pitilessly ravaged since they were made in the sixth and seventh centuries A. D.

However, enough remains to make an authority like Sir John Marshall declare that the 'Cave Temples of Bagh are among the most precious of India's art treasures; that they were hewn from the rock and adorned with sculptures



Carved in the Mountainside at Ajanta.

Even in those days news spread. Other monks from distant places heard of the Ajanta colony and began coming in growing numbers to join the original group. It became necessary to increase the dormitory cells and meeting places and to build new temples where the ceremonies in honor of Buddha were performed. The newcomers set to work to carve exquisite columns, doorways, altars right out of the living rock. The monks seemed to follow a general plan. Around temples they carved small cell-rooms, each with two stone beds. At one time as many as several hundred scholars were housed in these caves, painting, carving, studying and worshipping. The most learned of them were the teachers and from them the monks in this ancient Bud-

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

admitting that they were rivals

Some as it was so late. She v

Mrs. Caughtway had been arrested

led again and hold

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He turned to Malmesbury: "We will take charge and examine the load. I'll have her driven to the Yard and I would be glad if you could come with me for the examination."

"Oh, of course! Of course!"

(Continued on Page 12)

Zino-pads

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But Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 14)

she is at the back of this somewhere."

Nairne craned her neck and glanced back at the car that had trailed them from Waynesboro, her lips curled with disgust. "That I should be watched by police in my own home town!" she said.

"Well, I guess if the police watch you it is just in the one town as another," said Miss Carman. "Wouldn't you know the Parks woman lived in a house like this?"

"I don't know anything about her," snapped Nairne. "Art isn't getting in."

"I wouldn't be surprised if there is not a word of truth in his talk about threatening this Parks female," said Dulce. "And from what I gather regarding her, he wouldn't be her match in a thousand years."

Nairne said nothing. She was looking down the cheap little street and thinking that she could be content in a Parks bungalow with Stephen Struthers, if he only lived!

Art, having vanished around the rear of the Parks bungalow, now appeared looking disgruntled and rather flushed.

"Nobody home in there," he growled. "I know when a house is empty and this one is. Might have known that girl would beat it."

"Well, there is nothing else about her, is there?" said Dulce. "Isn't she the kind the neighbors would know a lot about?" Ring the next door bell and find out where she has gone.

Obediently Mr. Pipping turned about and climbed the steps of the fat little bungalow on the left of Nairne's. A young woman in a gingham apron, a mop in her hand, came to the door.

Bending from the roadster Dulce heard the conversation, but Nairne still looked down the street, sunk in a kind of wretched apathy. At any moment Stephen might be dying. Might be leaving her. But it was coming to her. She deserved it. And she was young and healthy. She

would have many years of this to endure.

"Mrs. Carmichael says Nancy goes now and then to visit an aunt, a rich aunt, at Sharon Hills," said Art appearing again beside the car. "She hasn't seen her for a while. Says she goes when she gets scared of Jim."

"Did you get the aunt's name?" Dulce asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Etta Darby. We can find her at Sharon Hills. It is just a little way of a place."

Nairne as the car sped along the concrete highway.

"If Art threatened her I bet she went to Stephen to ring your game, Nairne," said Dulce. "And Bristol going with the Manderston crowd. Maybe you don't know that Struthers was stabbed and is not expected to live and the wrist watch."

"Struthers may have a thousand secrets in his past," growled Art. "Why would this stabbing have to connect up with us anyhow?"

"If you were not utterly without brains you would know that we can't sit still and let this dumb police chief arrest Nairne and Tony for murder!" flared Dulce.

"I'm not detective, but this is the only trail I see to follow, and I'm going along it."

Nancy Parks' Aunt Etta lived in an imposing old house set back in a well kept lawn which sported two iron deer and a defunct fountain.

"Golly," muttered Art as he drove up the avenue and entered a stately old tree. "I bet Nancy behaves when she is here."

A stout colored woman ushered them into a musty old parlor furnished solely with antiques, and left them to call Nancy.

"I never felt so out of place in my life," whispered Dulce. "But I'm beginning to think a detective has a lot of fun. Nairne, we may come upon the truth here."

Nairne said nothing. She sat back like a delicate ewer, in a corner of the huge dark sofa, her small nervous fingers toying with her purse. Her soul was in the Waynesboro Hospital and she cared little about this interview with the Parks woman.

"Art, this is in your hands," whispered Dulce as steps were heard approaching. "Scare her to death!"

It was not necessary for Mr. Pipping to fulfill this last request. Mrs. Parks had apparently already been scared to death, for as she entered the dim old parlor she was as white as chalk and her limbs were shaking beneath her.

"What—what do you want with me?" she demanded, staring at Art Pipping.

"I want to know all you can tell me about Stephen Struthers' being stabbed," snapped Mr. Pipping. "I want to know what steps you took to stop Prue Bristol going with the Manderston crowd. Maybe you don't know that Struthers was stabbed and is not expected to live and the wrist watch."

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"Things like that do happen," was all she said.

The door of the house had opened again to disgorge a hurrying Mr. Pipping. Reaching the girls he asked a hand of each, his face triumphant and scarlet.

"Just as I felt that house I had a thought!" he cried. "I thought that this Jim Parks was a salesman. He is, isn't he?"

"Have you found that he sold that paper knife to Tony Lynn in his favor was the fact that he had lived so long."

There was this silly story about the perfume man. There was the fact that he had lived so long. There was the fact that he had lived so long. There was the fact that he had lived so long.

"Perfumes," repeated Dulce, frowning, but Nairne bent forward from the car, her white face turning a delicate pink.

"Dulce, do you see what he means?" cried Art. "The man I saw in the corridor outside Stephen's studio! The man who reeked of that cheap perfume! Art, could that man have been Jim Parks?"

"It could," nodded Mr. Pipping, crawling behind the wheel of the car. "And he could have seen Nancy going to the studio and with his insane jealousy lain in wait for Stephen to come back. Adgie and Ruby paying attention to his wife for just pure devilment must have been watching."

Ned into the Parks domain. Maybe he somehow blamed Stephen for the whole thing. And this might have been the man Stephen threw out of his studio!" cried Nairne with soft excitement, her entire body seeming to come alive again.

"On it, Art. Parks is our criminal and we must put those blockheads of police on his trail right away!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Tony's Alibi.

CHIEF OF POLICE OGDEN was up a tree! Never before had he been so completely stalled in a case or so acutely uncomfortable. He hoped with all the fervor he was capable of that Stephen Struthers would live, or at least be able to speak the name of his assailant before he died.

A matter that criminally involved two young people who were the shining lights of the town's highest circles was very serious, he knew. But his young people were young enough and wealthy enough, handsome and reckless enough to make this case one never to be forgotten, a scandal which would rock Waynesboro to its rather poor foundations. He would have to move slowly, Lynn's high-class lawyer had insisted, and he had everything on their side, and

the jury would be one that would in some fashion derive its livelihood from estates owned by the town's upper class. They could not find a jury that would not draw incomes directly or indirectly from the various families that would be involved. How, then, would any just verdict be reached?

Stephen Struthers still lay unconscious. The only thing that was in his favor was the fact that he had lived so long.

There was this silly story about the perfume man. There was the fact that he had lived so long. There was the fact that he had lived so long. There was the fact that he had lived so long.

"Perfumes," repeated Dulce, frowning, but Nairne bent forward from the car, her white face turning a delicate pink.

"Dulce, do you see what he means?" cried Art. "The man I saw in the corridor outside Stephen's studio! The man who reeked of that cheap perfume! Art, could that man have been Jim Parks?"

"It could," nodded Mr. Pipping, crawling behind the wheel of the car. "And he could have seen Nancy going to the studio and with his insane jealousy lain in wait for Stephen to come back. Adgie and Ruby paying attention to his wife for just pure devilment must have been watching."

Ned into the Parks domain. Maybe he somehow blamed Stephen for the whole thing. And this might have been the man Stephen threw out of his studio!" cried Nairne with soft excitement, her entire body seeming to come alive again.

"On it, Art. Parks is our criminal and we must put those blockheads of police on his trail right away!"

Ogden was alone in his office, pacing up and down the floor, gazing nervously on a fat cigar which was unlit, and on the door and Prudence Bristol stood upon the threshold.

"I am Prudence Bristol," said Prue, the girl bravely. "But I am something else far more important. I am Anthony Lynn's alibi."

"What?" Ogden came to life then with a jerk, thrusting his head forward and staring almost mouthed at Prue. Here was another lovely young thing mixing up in this notorious case.

"Why, yes," said Prue simply, looking down in slightly nervous fingers. "I know that Mr. Lynn did not what Mr. Struthers the night he was stabbed. I know where he was—all practically all night. He was with me. He was flying in his plane and when we were not doing that we were at a farmhouse in Freedomport, where we had to land for repairs. I can prove this. I know that Mr. Lynn would never tell you. I could not endure to have him involved when he had nothing to do with it."

"Well, I'm—" exploded

Ogden, leaning back in his chair.

"Little lady, you better have a care. This won't sound so well no matter how true it is."

Prue fixed the unhappy Chief with scornful eyes.

"It will sound well to decent people," she said frigidly. "There was nothing wrong about it. There was an accident to the oil line in the plane. I have the garage man and the couple at a moment's notice. I will prove that. There is no doubt that Miss Manderston told the truth about taking the paper knife to the studio herself."

The Chief reached for the telephone.

"Will you object if I call Miss Manderston and Mr. Lynn?" he asked.

Prue shrank from him, and for a moment stark anguish looked out at him from behind her lashes. The Chief had the illuminating idea that possibly there

was more here than appeared on the surface.

"If you wish," said Prue at last, quietly. "As I said, I have brought with me the garage man and the farmer and his wife with whom we stopped that night. I would have come sooner but I was in New York. And then I had to go to Freedomport. Mr. Mawlin's friend told me, but he has gone to the hospital. Mr. Struthers was his great friend."

Ogden nodded. "Yes, he asked for Mawlin," he said. "By the way, the name of Struthers' nurse is Bristol. Are you—"

"She is my sister," said Prue, gravely. "And she will be entirely delighted to know that in some fashion I have compromised myself. She has waited for this moment all her life."

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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A word to Expectant Mothers

about the safety of their babies and their own comfort

SOME years ago hospitals discovered that new babies are most comfortable and their skins more healthy, if they are given a complete rub every day with some bland, sterilized oil. But the problem was to find a satisfactory oil; for vegetable oils are so rancid, while mineral oils tend to irritate the skin.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"Well, I didn't get any feeling," said Nairne miserably. "Oh, Dulce, suppose when we call up again they tell us Stephen has died!"

Dulce looked at her grimly.

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Lobster for the Leisured Luncheon

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

LOBSTER is one of the most prized shellfish and especially seasonable for the Summer guest luncheon or other "dressy" occasion. And although the hostess or housewife may time and again have enjoyed selecting this rich meaty delicacy from the menu, she may be a little uncertain as to its exact home preparation.

Lobsters may weigh as much as 15 pounds or more, but the best size for choice eating ranges between two and three pounds. Atlantic lobsters boast the big claws or "nippers" from which may be picked the toothsome chunky tidbits, while those on the Pacific Coast are clawless. The color in general is a dark bluish-green, but if found in sandy regions they may be more reddish—although never the vivid scarlet lobster has attained only after their proverbial "boiling in the pot."

Select those which are plump or which seem heavy in proportion to their size, and which have hard shells. Lobsters must always be alive when cooked, so in case a cooked one is bought at the market, be sure to test it by straightening the tail; if the tail does not spring back quickly, the lobster was dead when cooked and should not be purchased.

To boil, use large pot filled with water, seasoning in the proportion of one teaspoon of salt to every one quart of water. Have water boiling vigorously, and holding them by their backs, plunge lobster in, head first. Boil five minutes, then reduce heat and simmer 20 to 30 minutes, depending on size. Do not overcook, or meat will be tough. Remove, and lay flat on their claws to drain and cool. Wipe dry.

To remove the meat from boiled lobster—first, break off the two large front nippers, and the four pairs of small claws; next, pull tail away from body at the joint where they meet together; lay flat, hard shell side down, and with a sharp knife or preferably scissors, cut a slit down the entire center length of the bony membrane of the tail. This will permit the flesh of the tail to be removed in one single thick piece or fillet.

Open this fillet carefully in the crease on the under side and remove the darker colored intestinal vein, which runs its entire length.

Next, turn attention to the main shell: hold as one would in cleaning a fowl, and withdraw the body, leaving in the shell the stomach (not edible), the green liver (edible), and the pink "coral" or roe eggs (edible). Next, pull off and discard the woolly gills or lungs which cling to the inside. Break open the body shell and pick out the meat surrounding the small inner bones which is the sweetest and most delicate flesh of the entire lobster.

Now break open the large claws, using small hammer or nutcracker, and remove the flesh as whole as possible. Disjoint the small claws, slit with scissors and pick out flesh with nutcracker. Leave some perfect claws for garnishing. Use at once, or season with salt and a few grains of cayenne, pack in covered dish, and keep not more than 12 hours in refrigerator.

In this picked form, lobster meat may be served in countless delicious ways such as chilled as a seafood cocktail; hot in creamed mixtures of the King of Newburg type, or the au gratin trash, or any other, or perhaps most appropriate of all hot weather ways—as a refreshing but filling main salad course for the leisured luncheon. In most of these further preparations, simple seasoning only is required.

as the meat is so rich, and the lobster flavor so delicately individual, that too many added flavors spoil the dish. Lemon juice or light vinegar, good salt, white pepper, can be relied on to enhance the natural flavor.

For home broiling or baking, it is best to ask the marketman to prepare the lobsters, which he kills alive by severing the spinal cord where body and tail join, then cleans, then cuts entirely in

half lengthwise. The body should be well cleaned and all gills and waste removed without fail. The large claws should be well cracked so that they may cook thoroughly in the short time allowed for the broiling.

Baking is followed almost like broiling, save that it is done in the oven instead of under the grill, but the same advance cleaning preparation is made. In both cases the liberal use of

melted and well salted butter is all the additional flavor required.

The true epicure usually recognizes and prefers the merit of a simple dish prepared to perfection—meaning the choicest quality, absolutely fresh, scrupulous care in cleaning, exactly timed cooking, and served on the instant of readiness. This is what makes the French such a nation of gastronomes. They take as

much pains with a simple dish as with one more complex, and men generally are more often genuine epicures than women!

This simple perfection, as it were, is just as difficult to attain in cooking as in clothing, and all too often the woman cook wants frills and garnishes where none belong! Seafoods, more than any others, stand in this category; they taste best when prepared as nature, leaving the fuss "military" of overgarnishing and many added ingredients to other dishes.

However, chefs have originated and passed on many elaborate ideas for making lobster more luxurious. From the Romans, whose love of lobster is well proven by the historian Pliny, to the modern gourmet, this dish has been a favorite of kings and emperors. One of the most famous recipes is that of Lobster Thermidor, not easy, however, for the home kitchen or cook to duplicate. It is a variation of the scalloped dish where the lobster meat is heated in a special way in the oven. Another is Lobster farci, meaning lobster "stuffed," where the cooked meat is combined with such ingredients as crumbs, onion juice, minced

pepper, seasoning and melted butter, repacked into the shell, spread with melted butter, and baked in a hot oven or under the grill for 15 to 20 minutes.

Oysters combine well with lobster meat, and many are the recipes where both are used together. A planked lobster is the repeated meat in the entire body shell, placed on a steak plank, and covered with oysters well seasoned, and their liquor and melted butter.

A savory but simple hot dish comes from Nova Scotia, that land of fishermen; take freshly cooked lobster meat (two cups), and flake it coarsely with a fork; melt three tablespoons butter, add the lobster meat and sauté three minutes, turning continually to prevent sticking. Add six tablespoons pure cider vinegar, salt to season, and keep stirring the lobster three minutes longer. Serve very hot at once, with toasted pilot crackers.

Guest Luncheon Lobster Salad: Two cups freshly cooked and chilled lobster meat; one cup diced hard celery; one-half cup of mayonnaise; hard cooked eggs; capers; heart lettuce, lobster "coral"; anchovy essence or paste; green olives; saltine. Have meat broken into medium pieces, combine with cut celery, and moisten 15 minutes with tart French dressing made with lemon juice. Rub "coral" through a fine sieve, blend with mayonnaise, adding few drops of anchovy essence. Arrange meat in lettuce nest and pour over pink (coral) mayonnaise. Lay slice of hard egg on top, then several capers, and stick large perfect clove into one side of salad. Place two olives and two saltines alongside each portion. Serve very

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Corn Muffins, Coffee, Luncheon Spaghetti Jellied Fruit Salad with Honey Dressing, Ice Box Roll, Iced Cocoa. Dinner Cold Left-Over Lamb, Dolmades Potatoes, German Cabbage, Salad of Green Peas, Watercress and Asparagus Tips, Chicadee Roll with Fennel Sauce.	Luncheon Bacon or Salt Mackerel, Corn Muffins, Coffee, Luncheon Tranched Gambol (Left-Over) or Ostra Gumbo, Boiled Tomato Salad, Dressing, Coffee Cake, Iced Tea. Dinner Boiled Tongue, Olive Sauce, Paprika Potatoes, Buttered Squash, Emergency Salad, French Dressing, Peach Meringue.	Luncheon Jellied Fruit Salad with Honey Dressing, Ice Box Roll, Iced Cocoa. Dinner Cold Left-Over Lamb, Dolmades Potatoes, German Cabbage, Salad of Green Peas, Watercress and Asparagus Tips, Chicadee Roll with Fennel Sauce.	Luncheon Stuffed Celeriac Hors (Left-Over) Lamb and Rice, Cocoettes, Sevory Sauce, Corn Bread, Fruit Trifle, Iced Tea. Dinner Veal Loaf with Noodle Ragout, Lima Beans, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Cream Cheese, Crackers, Jelly.	Luncheon Peaches Eggs on Toast, Bacon, Coffee, Luncheon Veal Patties (Left-Over) Veal, Succotash, Ice Box Roll, Date Cantal, Iced Peach Dinner Baked Stuffed Fish, Lemon Garnish, Green Peas or Asparagus, Red Cabbage and Cucumber Salad, Pineapple Sherbet, One Egg Cake, Coffee.	Luncheon Frieded Dried Beef and Eggs, Poppers, Coffee, Luncheon Favorite Hors (Left-Over) Baked Macaroni, Potato Salad, French Dressing, Iced Tea. Dinner Boiled Steak, Rice, Fennel Sauce, Sweetened Rice, Fennel Sauce, Green Sauce, Apricot Marmalade, Cup Cakes, Iced Cocoa.	Luncheon Fruit, Cereal, Coffee Roll, Dinner Jellied Tomato, Boiled French Salmon, Hollandaise, Potatoes, Asparagus, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Iced Tea. Dinner Boiled Steak, Rice, Fennel Sauce, Sweetened Rice, Fennel Sauce, Green Sauce, Apricot Marmalade, Cup Cakes, Iced Cocoa.

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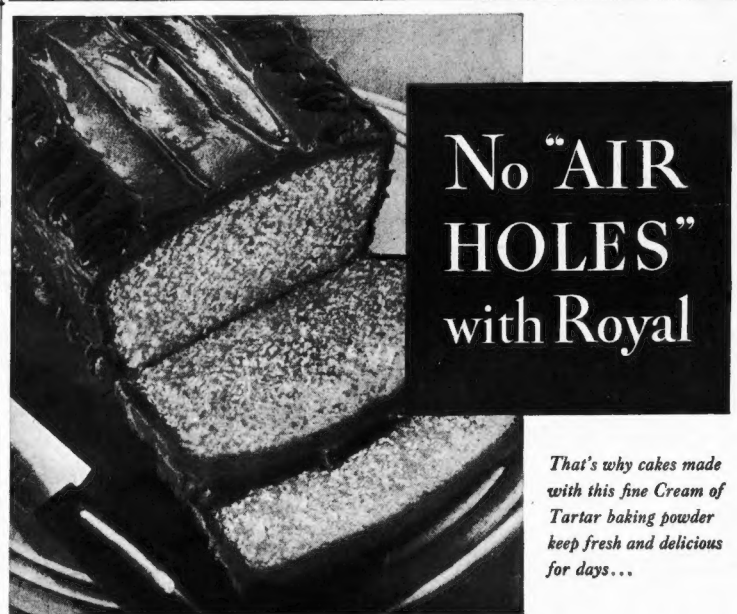
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even texture, delicate as lace. Cut your Royal cake. See how velvety smooth it is! How fluffy... light... and tender! And as for flavor! Even several days later, you find it tender and delicious... the fine, even texture has kept in the moisture. Now isn't it a false economy to bother with cheap, ordinary baking powder? Especially when less than 2 cents' worth of Royal is enough for a good, big cake!

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